

Andy Warhol's Homo boy



My Hustler, Paul America.



My Hustler, the towel slips. Paul America and Ed MacDermott.

My Hustler, Ed MacDermott, Ed Hood, Genevieve Charbon.



HOMOBOY THE LITERARY ANTHOLOGY ISSUE

PUBLISHER
Andy Warhol

contents

DIVA STUDY I

BAR STORY



MORRISSEY photo taken from 80's NME.

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WARNING

stories include adult situations

all stories are real and take place in 1991-92.



Blow-Job.

Diva Study I

Last night I was who I wanted to be. Coked up, freaking, and dancing with the divas. It was techno, techno, techno. Living life to the fullest, Swirling in the 90's to a techno version of the big 80's thing New Order's "Blue Monday" , imagine that ! "let's take it over." "You know it." We rush the dance floor in a blur of sequins, PVC, vinyl, and mesh. "Move over boys the talent is here !" Of course they have to get out of the way. I'm fabulous: walking, talking or just standing still! "The music is divine won't you jump in ?" "Don't mind if I do ." "Don't out diva me dear." "Jealous much?" Our hands are raised and we are trying to catch the beat of the techno, trying to catch the voice that is singing the words that are out there.

"Look at him, he's so very cyber!" The music is techno, techno, techno. Then everyone has to try and be a diva when Messiah's "Temple of Dreams" comes on. "He's so cyber !" "It's the Versace op-art stretch jeans !"

When there's no more room we go over to the juice bar for a "power drink". Nothing to lose. Tonight we can not help but enjoy those boys with their lunch boxes whispering, "ecstasy, ecstasy, ecstasy." Oh but "you don't need that tonight. Just go over and ask him to dance, he's not too fabulous or fierce." "Well, then why bother ?"

Next all hell breaks loose. The techno stops and house takes control. The music is fierce and the dancing gets nasty. "Jump ! Mother Fucker, Jump ! Mother Fucker, Jump !" "We have to!" Now we're on the dance floor and he's gorgeously close. It's not like he could just wear a Calvin Klein t-shirt to top off those jeans, he has to work an entire Versace moda "thing".

Here we are, "just a bunch of jumpin' mother fuckers". He touches my butt, o.k., he cups my buttocks in the palm of his hand. "Ya'll a bunch of jumpin' mother fuckers". The music slows to a grind. "See you later love", I'm jumpin'. We grind. I am in the house, about to bring him home. "Suck me off, suck me off, suck me off, suck me off." We exchange smiles, "fabulous". And the mystery follows us, no the mystery proceeds us like a fine sorbet before the main course. The black room looms before me. This is too quick, he is too fierce, I'm too coked up ! It's New York City ! I can just do him and go. "James Brown is Dead ! dum dum dum dum dum dum dum ... " , returns us to techno. Industrial techno house. The lights are strobing. He's a great kisser. He's on it. I'm so relieved that it will be much easier. "Yeah, do me, do me do me !" I mean this guy is simply too messy with pre-come. Thank God he's wearing Versace jocks as well. He's only kind hard. I wipe the thing clean and suck him til he gets twitchy then just nod him off. Christ where did they put the little boy's room anyway. My face is not too messy, just too much shine on the mouth. Here we are all fresh again. Industrial techno house. "Join in the Chant, Join in the Chant. " Hands are raised trying to catch the beats. Some 'girl' steps on my foot. My shoes cost more than her and her outfit. "Who loves you and who do you love ?" Where have you been darling ?" Thank God I'm a diva, a techno freak ! Here's another notch for your Chanel belt darling.

"He's a real prince Valient, a techno/cyber dream!" "He's fab." I'm fab. It will happen, the bartender put some special ! in his party drink. "I know." Finally it's fabulous again returning to techno, techno, techno.

Does anyone know the name of this song. "Xeroxed" by Zero Zero...
bam bam da da da, bam bam da da da.. The ground is shaking and the
crowd begins to push itself into our aura. It's a wreck becoming one
throbbing mess. Riding on a white horse or no it's just the usual
'fag hag', prince Valient is on his way over. "I know you", he says.
Not yet but you will, you will, you will.

II

"God damn it ! this is bringing me down. I have to be up! Simply
up, you understand. " "Here have one more before it's gone" "I'm
so cnked up. Does'nt anyone drink anymore?" "Please in New York who
can afford to drink?"

"Oh God look at that one. He's been terribly wronged by glamour."
"Hello, George Michael burned that biker jacket in the "Freedom"
video." "With a body like yours you only need the sequin hot pants
and the boots work for you." "Faster baby, Sex on Wheels." He does'nt
even know Thrill Kill Cult and what diva does'nt know Thrill Kill Cult?
"I'm so sick of having fun. I just want to have more sex. Is'nt there
anyone" "That happened with prince Valient ?" "Oh dear, I had him.
I forgot. He used to have the nastiest dreads." Luscious to look at,
delightful to taste, but all work. Techno into the 90's with the new
version of "Everything Counts in Large Amounts. "

"Listen I want to leave because I'm coming down. I need to go and bug
on my own." "Break the circle and go home with Bubba." "Forget it,
I'm dazed, I'm crazed in techno. My head is full. Just take me to the
dance floor. I want to be in a coma." " I will if you'll be a good
girl and stop banging your head on the wall darling." "Oh ! I thought
I kept seeing the same spot on the wall." "Here, here comes your friend
take a ride on the soul train with him." "Fab, I think I will !"

Instantly we're grinding and twisting. He is a diva queen in an Armani summer vest and trousers. Our arms are intertwining and we are weaving a fibrous web of cool while swaying to the rythm. He unbuttons his vest and throws it to the ground like he just heard Armani was available at K-mart.

"Oh stop dear, don't just yet get started, please!", "Let's go for a vodka cherry sour cocktail." Yes, at the bar the clouds part. " i see a change in the weather. See you later thanks soo much for the drink. Here's a real man no cyber punks. I can't handle that format anymore. I'm changing my font.

I'm going back to the old program and finally I hear techno, techno, techno. "It's going to be a fine day today" the beautiful sound of Opus calms me. I proceed up to the man of the night. "How is your night ?" "It's getting better."

Away we go and suddenly we're exposed to the sounds of the outside world.WE are rushing to his bed and all lights are flashing.

I'm smiling with expectation because darling what is there to say, I'm sitting in a giant faded blue seventies vehicle.

The Stones God love them are on the radio blasting out "Hell Fire". This one is quiet no silly tit for tat, no do you know so and so. His legs are fly though girl! We get home and the Bee gees ask "How deep is your love". We kiss and touch alitte while. I'm ready for what feels like nine inches to be mine. I sit on him and play with his package." His golden head rest on the pillow so cherubic. The music changes into a swirling disco mess. Before I know it the gentle kisses his cock was receiving has me on my back. I look up to see his hairy abdomin is attacking my face.

It's like I can't breathe. I'm gagging. His sweet nine inches is fucking my face to the hilt. His balls are slapping my chin. He switches, "hello I need some air". I'm hard just for him. I have never had my face fucked in such a graphic film sense. This wasn't a blow-job. He reciprocates with a weak few strokes. At last the Bee Gees are singing about "you can tell by the way I use my walk." This whole mess will be over in just about... it's over but messy. I rush to the bathroom to wash off his Polo scent. I tell him he must drive me back I have people to meet later. He ask me to stay because he's "frisky" in the morning. I consider filing a date rape case. Back to the hideousness of the seventies, The car plays my old friend Axl screeching, "nothing last forever not even november rain." Axl is right, "take me down to the paradise city". I love these moments; "here's my number", "oh, great,well I'll see you, I mean o.k. I'll call you." Back inside the club it's the last song of the night... "holiday/celebrate-take some time to get away/do the bus stop" it's the Truth or Dare version.



morrissey doesn't suck, ok

needless placement of photo.



- 2 -

great they are. Please tell me that my cock is thick and big and you just want to suck it, you want it to fuck your ass. I in return will oblige you with, "yeah, suck that dick". I believe this is the role I am cast in. It gets old. Maybe not too long from now I will no longer feel like Steve. It won't be heroic. My looks will go. Guys won't offer me their hard-ons as initial greetings. I'll be burnt-out. I'll be desperate for the new Steve.

bar story:

I feel so hungry. I want the empty feeling in my stomach to stop; yet I can't stop myself. I'm not aware of what it is. I'm not able to get away from it; I see it in so many other people. When we are together we still are not able to piece anything together. Two halves do not make a whole in these instances. I am always meeting these empty loss souls. I am the ring leader. I can control how far I am willing to go. It's fun to say no but with some it's more fun to say yes. I am willing to die for fulfillment. I would seriously let someone take me to my death. if I could just feel content. It doesn't matter how good it feels to have my cock sucked, when it's over it's over and the little pains inside return. Physical passion is rare for me. Emotional passion is non-existent. I know none of these men I meet are going to understand my needs. I don't understand their needs. We satiate our thirsty desires with drink, drugs, and if we're attractive sex.

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bar story.

My only escape from boredom is sex. It's the sensation of someone to fuck with that gives me some point of being. It's like everything else has ended, life is over. I can only think of myself as flesh now. A body of flesh craving other flesh, feeding off of it. Shit, spit, hard-on dicks, hairy balls, and pre-ejaculate have become the essentials. Men are pigs and the more crass they are the more I need them. Boys are made for rimming and men are made for fucking. I will not mind my own business around the male sex. I must evaluate each's potential. I must look to see if they recognize the need in me. When they do suddenly there is light. I am not phased by casual blow-jobs in the bathrooms of restaurants, clubs, or bars. I cherish the memories when I'm alone in a stall just pissing. I think about the many cock fights: him or me sitting on the toilet. It doesn't matter if I can't remember its owner, the memory of one thick dick will be replaced by a short uncut cock of another. I'm not sad over these issues. Some people can sit and trace a thought all the way back to its beginning. I use my time to get another beautiful penis. Nothing else matters.

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Director
Hudson,
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together
ries and
length. **Hardcore**

bar story:

The beginning of a night out in the gay bar world is scented with good little Soap and popular colognes. In every little pack of boys someone is saying something funny and they all have to laugh in a real chavasmatic way. Packs of boys dressed the cutest way they can dress looking to meet other boys dressed as cute as they can be.

All through the night at the money machine in the gay bar world people are withdrawing more and more money to get more and more fucked-up. Sometimes the fat or ugly one in a group will be the one to get more money so the cute ones can drink more or do more coke. The fat or ugly friend will try to get one of the cute ones fucked-up enough to take advantage of. The cute ones always cost. They never get too fucked up. The old fags in the gay bar world always have enough money, they know the score. The cute ones will tell you their price up front.

At the end of the night in the gay bar world everyone smells like stale cigarettes and rotten alcohol.

The cute ones' faces are stupefied and tired looking. The fat and ugly ones are fatter and uglier. The old fags older.

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bar story:

Tonight he is a little boy lost in a toy box. This bar is no sacred place to him. All the games men play are learned here. He takes his first sip of beer and feels dizzy. He walks over to his favorite spot. Leaning on the wall in front of him stands a body very similar to his own. The lighting in the bar shadows his face, his age, his true identity. He chooses not to stand here. He sees the man shift the weight of his body from one foot to another. He could have this man, but the evening has just begun and the game just started. OK, it's time to walk around the bar. The act of making a "pass" around the bar lets the room know he's in play. All this becomes instinctual.

Some nights he stands back to watch the others. He counts the rounds of the most desperate players. He connects to their nervous energy. Maybe they are insecure. They're being obvious. Hunger. This night is like so many in the past. On another wall a space opens for him. Across the room a man similar to the first, to him. This game is hard to play on some nights. The stakes are high. There are no winners. Bodies. Tonight no kissing, no eye contact, no words spoken and no memory of having met.

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bar story:

I mean I was only there to watch
it didn't want to meet anyone. I'm
certainly too shy to approach anyone.
I guess at first I wanted to meet an
SMM master. It wasn't happening.
I drank water so the evening would be
slow and drag by. Sometimes someone
would stand in front of me, to the
side, or just on top of me. "Excuse
me, that's my foot". All this made me
feel empty. Is it so wrong to want to
be wanted?

I can't stop wishing for the frantic
coffee weekends I knew in San Francisco.
People come up and talk to you. If
the conversation is going well so
will the sex thing.

I see my friend come in and make
the rounds. This has become his
bar. When he's here I watch. I can
not lean back and dream of other
places. I stand and listen to the
music and him keeping score.
Alone I can walk out the door
with pride and know I didn't
weaken for any of this.

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U.S. STUDS

bar story:

Destraught and bored I return to action. It has been weeks and I can no longer fight the hunger inside. It has been too long and masturbation brings little comfort. I bring the torn and faded Sol's out of retirement. I go without supper so I can wear my tightest black t-shirt and roll the sleeves. I dust off my lucky boots. These garments are the armour for the quest.

During my first bourbon and coke a man comes over. I smile, he cups my ass, he breathes heavily on my neck, he says nothing, he is hard. I feel him hump my leg. I go to the bar for another drink, I return, I say nothing. Sometimes I play this game so bad. I think is it him or me? I know he wants me. I feel drunk. I forget how to speak. I try to look hungry. I see something in the many eyes walking past me. Circling like vultures waiting to feast on the carcass. One stops and stands close to me. I'm distracted the man stops humping my leg and stands away. He won't make a move. I don't understand. He takes his hat off. From time to time and runs his hand through his hair. He's waiting. I get another drink. I decide the game is over between us. I stand back in the shadows, I am out of play.

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bar story:

Men tell me they could spend hours biting at my jaw, or sucking my nipples. "Great tits", "great arms", "just look at these thighs". I don't really mind hearing how great my smile is; "Oh, your not going to smile now that I've said something"; or how intense my eyes are; "what color blue is that?". None of these things matter they are just things that people say. I feel empty when they don't say anything. Plenty of men cruise me and not say anything but show interest and that is O.K.. Some men I've gone very far with and nothing has been said during the whole thing. I don't understand the mentality, really. Once I sandwiched between two hot guys. They were both different but that they both wanted me make them similar. They both grabbed my crotch: one went for my chest the other my arms. I just leaned back and watched smoke hover above the crowd frustrated at being trapped in by the ceiling. When they both got their fill of me or each other they took off. They left without thinking of giving a smile or thank you. I don't know I guess it's all the same.

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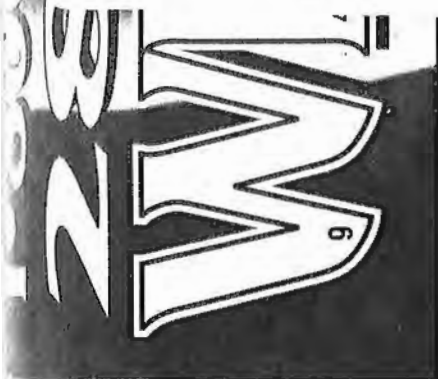
- 2 -

Talking dirty doesn't bother me either; I've auditioned for enough porno flicks that I can pull it off. However, when I'm with someone and I'm in control I want to be real. Sex is my reality. I want to say, "yeah, that's good". It just isn't easy out here though. I've run the gamut of ending up in precarious situations.

The screams I let out are latent. I don't want to hurt anyone's feelings. The male ego is very sensitive. I know it's better to keep things to yourself rather than making someone feel like a freak.

THE ADVOCATE CLASSIFIEDS

41



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bar story:

To begin with things just don't work out the way they should. I feel the muck. Sex is persistently driving me mad and I just can't get a hard-on the way most people do. I don't know what the problem is, I mean, I'm always on the make. I see an interest from other men but I'm just not aroused. It's so rare that someone will actually kiss me and that used to be the only safe thing to do.

O.K., I have to admit I'm really sick about reading and hearing about the A.I.D.S. crisis. I still cry when another from-to flashes on the screen. I'm sick of losing people or seeing people fade out. It's not fair but it's not fair that I've come into my own sexuality at such an inopportune time.

For a good time this summer I was way ahead of Madonna putting pages together for my book, SEX. I mean, everything you can think of. I know I've done everything in her book at least. I never stepped over the "safe" boundary. I saw others though. I have lived through the hells of sexual passion. I have gone beyond weakness and still not exchanged any bodily fluids.

Life is muck. I do not know what to do now. I can not accept casual sex is an evil temptation. It seems as a salvation. I don't know what to do now.



bar story:

Inside I'm constantly battling my sense of dignity. I enter the darker realms of life and am so seduced by their destructive abilities. We know sex and desire exist and floods from the lips of would be johns. Cruise bars that cater to the stand and pose crowd are populated by conservative types that are in denial and it's unsettling. It seems like being in a room full of paranoid schizophrenics. Most of these guys act like they're at a social not a bar. I see these people in denial casting out judgement. Is it evil to be open about what I want. I know they're there for sex. I am not closed to opportunity. I see them turn up their noses. What is it we want?

Must I have such guilt. Have I lowered myself to an unacceptable level. What is unacceptable. How far is how far. If I have gone too far why do I still think I can judge the people around me. I am at a loss.

bar story:

Sometimes it drives me crazy to think of the things I've done. I see someone I've slept with, I run to my car, get on the highway and scream. Why did I do it!

I see the guy who just wanted to kneel at my cock and kiss and suck it. All night he wouldn't tell me what he was into. I just figured he was a closet case that wanted to get sucked off or to fuck something. He comes up to me and says, "you're the one" and convinces me to leave with him. He was the other kind of closet case that secretly worships cocks and just has to have it.

None of the above bothers me in particular but I'm not usually standing above a real butch guy while he's whimpering at my waist. Me telling him how much I like it, goading him, "yeah, suck that cock...". I do like it. Cocksuckers are so rare. I just can't believe it couldn't be more rational. What turns you on? No one answers this is an adult way. "I like to be the driver" some say. Some wait til things get going and regurgitate bad dialogue from porno flicks.



Vinyl.

preview from the soon to be published...
That and 69/poetry about one nighters

The chill of winter is not here in november
if your going through this rember something
never let your guard down, never!
it's a slow night but the music is good
finally in comes the one you want and sets the room on fire
he's tall and handsome, his shirt is'nt buttoned
he's walking the paces first; once, twice, thrice
he settles down in front of you
you like what you see, smiling helps this time
he buys you a drink, conversation is spotty
you like his face, his smile is perfect, his body
something is wrong but you follow him home anyway
with no time to waste the bedroom is the first stop
tall, tan, and leggy with a big thick dick
you feel the warmth of his skin, the touch
he's got a hairy chest but he's shaved his entire lower body
it's o.k. he's a swimmer, was a swimmer, still
he wants to fuck right a way, he's going to get a condom
the only thing we had talked about was witchcraft
it didn't mean anything, does'nt, won't
for his handsome the pain of anal sex is o.k.
i lay back and raise my legs
he plows right in pinning my legs
he hammers hi smooth seven inch tool right in
i can't hide the pain, my dick is limp
he is fucking me like there's no tommorrow
dressed for business i guess he really needed this
i wonder does he remember my name
he finishes, we sleep, can i stay until morning
in the morning we have an hours oral sex session
he seems to be enjoying himself but he rushes me
i ask him for his number but he declines
i have an irregular schedule he says, the door then closes

next HOMOBODY issue the 'poetry' anthology.

Disclaimer: these stories are real. please don't go getting depressed or angry about them. to me the gay bar world sucks. i tried to understand it. i can't. i know there is someone out there for me, i've met him several times. for now we have writers and musicians and artists and mr. hand. God bless you all and goodnight.

yes, feedback is always good.

spunk

18 July 1994

please send all whatevers to:
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Eric:

Bought your 'zine *Homo Boy* at A Different Light in Los Angeles. It's great! I'm also from Houston. The boys and girls at *spunk* wanna do a story on you. Please call us at 213 487 9012. You can call collect if necessary.

Enclosed are a few sample issues of our 'zine. After we do a story on you, then we want you to write for us.



PARAPHERNALIA SHOW

OR X-Girl?

█████ Clothes decided to go mod and hired Betsey Johnson to design their line. Their flagship store was Paraphernalia. Betsey hired Andy to make a party. Thus Andy Warhol Pop Artist became Andy Warhol Dress Salesman. He was a hired gun, silver sprayed George Raft.

Andy came with a bunch of prepackaged superstars and the Velvets. Frug, frug, frug... Our job was to get America hot to trot. We staged a party in a fishbowl, a store window on Madison Avenue. Crowds gathered... the idea was that everybody who saw the party would buy clothes there. The girls showed the new fashion while they were dancing to the Velvet's music. It was cash in time at █████, 'We will take you to paradise, just be willing to pay the price.' We were the show, ANDY'S CIRCUS. That was the way Andy worked: he manufactured happenings out of the people around him. They were his raw material - glittering cannon fodder. He sold us as commercial art. He manufactured Candy Kisses, wrapped in silver... pull a piece of cellophane and out pops the star. The superstars were at Paraphernalia as media and the public, not the merchandise, was behind glass. Andy's own attitude toward clothing was pretty weird. He once asked me to go shopping with him. When I suggested that we should go take a look at one of the upperclass second hand clothing-stores which were then getting fashionable, he said: 'Ok no Nat, never buy used clothing, it's like wearing somebody else's PERSONALITY! Except for this, what he wore was of no importance to him. His concept of fashion was what he got other people to wear. Andy had a big thing for Hershey's Chocolate Kisses, wrapped up in a silver package. Seeing people dressed up in silver, like at the Paraphernalia show, was like his fantasy come true. Plastic wrapped bodies, non-biodegradable, plastic pussies and made to order sex.

substitute

the 60's

betsey johnson

andy warhol

george raft

velvet underground

*remember a t-shirt with "ringers"
constitutes an indie rocker.

all 90's info taken from recent
HOUSE OF STYLE.

the 90's

kim gordon

sophia coppola

mtv

nancy-boy